

The LAMENTATION
OF A
SINNER,
OR

Bradshav's horrid Farewel,

Together with his last

WILL
AND
TESTAMENT.

Edict Deus hinc quiesce fides (utinam sanum.)

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THE LAMBERT

OF

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TO

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The Lamentation

OF A

SINNER.

TIs not unknown to any, that death must be acquainted with all men, with some sooner, with others later; some he leads gently out of the World, others he violently drags along: and this he doth, not that he loves or affects this man, more than that; for Kings, and Peasants, Devils incarnate, and Protectors, Presidents, Generals, Speakers, with such like (last named) Rake-hells, are all alike to him; he must and will execute his Office, and leaves the event thereof to Almighty God, of whose mercifulnesse and goodnesse, we have here before us an evident sign and token in this our *Bradsaw* (whose name without any farther Character, fully bespeaks him what he is) I say in depriving him of life (though by a Hell-resembling tormenting death) by which he is freed from a most shameful and wretched end; Dye he must, Death is not to be bribed, all his ill gotten mony (besprinkled with the tears of Orphans and Widows, and dyed red in human blood)

could not tempt Death, to stay one minute longer; Physicians were not wanting that might allure his Soul, with pleasing Philis and Cordials, to still remain a Tenant in his body; but would needs remove its lodging, and travel (and as some think) to the Stygian lake, there to find out the Ghost of its dearly beloved Patron *Oliver*. Precious Cordials proved to him the worst of Corrosives. When I looked over but the Catalogue of those Receipts that were administered him, and all proving in effectual, I was ready to have blamed Physicians Art, had I not look'd up to a higher (avenging) power; amongst a many which I found, I cannot but leave to the World for the good of posterity this one receipt, which he took in 1648. *Oliver* then being his Doctor.

There was by a Glister pipe injected into him half a pint of Diabolical, Machavilian Counsel, 'twas after this thought fitting, that a strong Composition of Atheism, Impudence and Hipocrisie should be given him, to purge out his Conscience, least it might any wayes offend or trouble him; after this he took an Eleqtuary, and dyet-drink to Consume within him, those small seeds of virtue Nature had sown in him, which he was to drink every day; lest it should predominate over his vice. Now to confirm the cure, there was administered him, one Firkin of *Aurum Potabile*, mingled with two runnles of Widows tears; these two last ingredients so much invivened and strenghtned his body, as well as his purse, insomuch that he could walk in his Pontificalibus to *Westminster*, and there talk too (see more of that in the relation of the Kings tryal) Had he not after this (by a fatal mistake) drunk too much of royal blood, and thereby took a deep surfer, he might (in all probability) have recovered from the malady that then posselt him. Though it did not dispatch him presently (to the astonishment of most) (as it did utterly extinguish *Mihoni* eyes) yet it lay like lingering poyson in his guts, that to inwardly fry-

ed

ed him, that ere he was dead, he was ready roasted, and fit to be served up (the next dish to *Oliver*) unto the Devils Table. Well he is gone to the place from whence *Litæra nos Domine*; And I cannot chuse, for that love I and my Country owe him, but prise a tear upon his thinking memory. VVhat I say of him I am necessitated to do; otherwise I should be silent; Because where I cannot speak the least good of this dead man, I hold it in some part a duty not to speak all the evill I know of him. I need not Characterise him whose life hath been so notorious. One act alone (in sentencing his King) had he otherwise been virtuous, was sufficient to have doomed him vicious, and sent him (where now we suspect he is gone) to the place where is weeping, wayling and gnashing of teeth. And as if God intended to terrify all those that may be King-killers for the future, tormented him here in such manner, as that his torments were little different from those he must suffer eternally hereafter. Me thinks the dyn of his yellowings rings still in my Ears, and his last words have left so deep an impression in my mind, as I cannot but ecchoe them to the VVorld.

Thus in a trance he express himself, as to an infernal spirit, he saw then attending on him, Hold thy soul-tormenting Paw; give me one hours respite. Good Devil stay, for that good and acceptable service I have done thee; Give me but time to make my Will at least, and I shall promise thee not to advise my fellow Murderers, Dissemblers, rational Deceivers, and thy obedient subjects. Let money Bribe, since ambition hath dimo'd thee: both which hath ruined me eternally, and will (without a miracle;) utterly undoe the Republican *Puritan* Grand-Army Officers. So, ex mee but speak, though in torture; my King-judging tongue being red-hot, and those irreverent and peremptory words I spoke to my Sovereign, being now hot glowing Coals, trying my Entrails.

stralls. I that would hardly admit of any security for
 reasonably suspected (though innocent) persons, can-
 not now my self persuade Death on the Devil to accept
 of any mortal Bail, longer than I shall declare my last
Will and Testament. My time being short, tis my de-
 sire, that *St. Johns* (whose name signifies more than ever
 his actions performed) be the Pen-man thereof.
 Imprimis to the Earth I bequeath my body, my soul to
 him that it belongs to. I do hereby constitute and ap-
 point *Lambert* and (his shoeing-horn) *Fleetwood* to be
 my lawfull Executors of this my last Will. To my well-
 beloved friend *Hazelrig* I give 600 *l.* on condition he let
 not *Old Nick* have any of his *New-Castle* Coals to in-
 crease Hell fires, and my torments. I likewise give
 400 *l.* and if it should not be thought enough, as much
 more, to buy the best sort of hemseed, and that it be
 sown in *White-hall* Palace Yard, &c. to the intent the
 Army Officers, and such like, may not want Hemperi
 Chains to adorn their Necks withall. To *Lambert* I
 bequeath a hidden receipt how to make a Pill that never
 fails, being administred, to dissolve Parliaments, one
 grain whereof scattered among his Enemies shall make
 their swords drop out of their hands; *Probatum est*. I
 likewise give ten pounds for the erecting of two Poles,
 on which of each *Vanes* and *Needham's* Heads may be
 placed, for to demonstrate (truer than any Wethercock)
 which way the wind blows (the course of State mat-
 ters)

To the preaching Officers I give 200 *l.* to buy rubbs to
 hold forth in, that the brethren may speedily be furnished
 with good Estates. Let 500 *l.* be laid out for the cure-
 ing of all those that Sir *Harry Martin* (with his fellow
 Statists) hath wounded in Venerial Combats. It is my
 will likewise that Col. *Benetts* pension be augmented twice
 as much as he now possesseth, on condition he will preach
 for the future but three words in eight of truth, and but
 one

one of fence to his fellow *Simpletons* his Auditors. To
 Sir *James Harrington* 1000 l. to be expended in his fur-
 ther discovery of his new found Common-wealth *Oceana*,
 and that he send as many as he can of the mad people of
 great *Bedlam* thither for the prevention here of future
 discord and confusion. To *Desbrow* I give one hun-
 dred pound to buy an Herd of Swine, and that they shall
 be fed in his own yard, before his Chamber window, to
 put him in mind of his *Quandam* Occupation, which may
 occasionally give him a Censure that he bring not his hogs
 to a fair Market. My breath fails me, by reason of which
 I am not able to insist further, in the bestowing of my ill-
 gotten Estate, in such like pious uses. I therefore shall
 conclude with this, that if *Lambert* and *Monk* agree not,
 the last shall have my free consent that he sit next in the
 Chair of State: provided he can shew more Wit, and
 lesse Honesty, than the rest of his Competitors.

AN
EPITAPH

ON

John Bradshaw

Here underneath this heap of dirt lies dead,
One that bereav'd our *Sovereign* of his Head,
Here lies that Villain, that lame cursed Slave,
Wh' intomb'd 3. Kingdoms in *Charls Martyrs* grave,
This tawring Rascals downfall, who'l bemoan,
That dash'd his brains out gainst his *Sovereigns* Throne,
None parallels this Fiend, unless he be
The Devils abstract, Hells Epitomic,

[FINIS.]